

# THE SWIFTEST TWO YOUNG MEN IN NEW YORK

And Just How They Have Great Larks with Their Millions.



THE MAD CAB RIDE  
DOWN BROADWAY



THESE are the facts in connection with the two most luxuriant crops of wild oats in Greater New York. The oats are not all in as yet, but they are still being sowed by the two swiftest young men that ever tackled a policeman.

Who has not heard of "Ham" Fish and Harry Thaw? Who has not heard of the fallow fields wherein at various times they have scattered their oats broadcast?

"Am and 'Arry" they are called by some and "Am and Eggs" by others. But by any names on earth their doings would be just as protechnical and sudden.

In the short, swift and eventful course of their young careers in the universe they have between them raced a cab down Broadway, at white heat, when Broadway was packed the tightest with people in all its history; tried to ride horseback up the Union Club steps; broke up a theatrical performance; closed up a restaurant, flinging \$5 bills to waiters; spent \$50 for one dish at the Waldorf, with a \$25 fee for the chef; thrashed policemen and been thrashed in turn; shield an ottoman at song and dance soubrettes that did not please 'em; cleared out barrooms and, among other things, once spent the night good-naturedly incommunicado in the Tenderloin.

There is nothing particularly bad about the boys, be it understood, but the laws of Greater New York do not leave them sufficient margin for their exuberance.

At various times they have thrashed policemen, and at various times they have been thrashed by policemen.

It is all the same to them whether they are the thrashers or thrashed. They simply crave excitement, and by hook or crook they are bound to find it.

Both are tall, both are handsome and both can stand a great many mixed drinks. They dress well, they are cultured, and when not pining for excitement they are courteous.

The policy of the families of the two young men in meeting the sudden emergencies they are called upon to face is radically different.

The Thaw family has practically repudiated their youthful son and for the most part he is left with plenty of money and leisure to shift for himself. They call it pure cussedness.

The old and historic Fish family, of which young "Ham" is the latest member in the public eye, show a disposition to stick by the young man to the last limit.

"Well, there were Fishes before 'Ham' who were wild in their youth," they argue; "let him have his fling. He will settle down by and by." They call it wild oats.

In the meantime "Ham's" fling is becoming more acrobatic and delicious, and the police of the Tenderloin are unable to guess what he will do next. Ditto the case of young Thaw.

"Ham" is a member of half a dozen exclusive clubs of the metropolis, among which are the Union, Union League and the Order of St. Nicholas Society.

The Fish family has been associated with the highest honors, civil and political, that the country can give. "Ham" is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Fish, of Irving place, nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Hamilton Fish, Sr. The women of the Fish family have always been leaders in society's most exclusive set.

Altogether the family has given to this country and to the world statesmen, heroes, men of letters, financiers, and always they have been gentlemen in all that the term implies, respecting themselves and others.

This matter of lineage is one of the most noteworthy points of difference between "Am" and "Arry."

Harry Thaw's father was a poor man for a great portion of his life. He was a humble, hard working and honest mechanic. He started an iron foundry in Pittsburgh, where he laid the foundations of a fortune estimated at forty millions of dollars.

When Mr. Thaw died he left his hard-earned wealth to his seven children, of which Harry is the second son. Divide it into seven parts for yourself; one is Harry's.

Five fat million dollars afford a comfortable income upon which to put in a crop of wild oats, and it must be said to Harry's credit that he has not neglected his opportunities.

Although Harry has been practically tabooed by his family, his brother Edward still clings to him, principally by telephone.

The Thaws have done everything in their power, however, to shield Harry from the publicity which his high flings occasionally lead him into.

"There  
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for  
Their  
Exuberance."

As suggested above, the Fish family say that Ham has a superabundance of spirits. The Thaw family say that Harry has a superabundance of cussedness.

Be this as it may, the fact remains that between them the two young men have sowed the most extensive crop of wild oats ever observed in Greater New York.

The oldest Thaw brother, Benjamin, belongs to the fashionable Newport colony in Summer and in Winter lives abroad.

The third brother, Edward, who clings to his brother Harry, married Miss Frieda Marsh some years ago at St. Thomas's Church. Edward Thaw is now living at the Dakota flats.

One of the most interesting objects in their magnificently furnished apartments is a telephone. It can connect, of course, direct with any "all night" office in the Tenderloin.

All the Tenderloin police are acquainted with the telephone and its uses. Through it Edward is notified at once of brother Harry's predicaments, whatever they may be.

Generally, after receiving a communication over his telephone, Edward rushes downtown with ready bail for his brother's release.

As for Ham Fish—well, Ham's first notable "breaking out" was after his graduation from Columbia College two years ago.

In the boat race between Cornell and Columbia at Poughkeepsie Ham was an extensive and an interesting figure. After the race Ham celebrated.

The celebration was both varied and free. It is said by Ham's friends that after the race he drove up to the hotel in a goat carriage, with a small Ethiopian as a driver.

He it was who tied the little darkey to a telegraph pole, after which he allowed the goat cart to escape.

Next he hired a band to play "Dixie" to the bound and helpless darkey. The latter was liberally paid for his discomfort, however.

Ham then walked into the hotel parlor, where a group of ladies were sitting, and made inquiries as to their prejudices in towing matters, and suggested a cheer for Columbia.



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Whether  
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Thrashers  
or  
Thrashed."

He seized the horse's bridle and haled the entire outfit to the station. Then, looking his prisoners carefully over, started for the telephone.

This was the old story over again, and in a few minutes 'Am and 'Arry were free again.

Last Winter Harry Thaw lived at the Waldorf. One of his favorite methods of spending money was to stroll leisurely the Palm Garden Cafe and seating himself at one of the tables call for the chef.

Upon the appearance of that dignitary he would order best fifty-dollar dinner for one person that could be procured. Then, sitting in solitary state, he would tackle the dinner though it were a solemn duty. Some of the courses he would send away unfasted and others he would barely touch.

After the meal he would give the chef \$25 and the waiter who had attended to his wants \$5 each.

Ham one night, after a horseback visit to a roadhouse in Park, suddenly made up his mind to ride down to the U. S. Club. Arriving there he rode his horse up the steps to the first floor.

The liveried servants were appalled. For a while they were too astounded to act. Finally one of them said:

"Mr. Fish, it was a brilliant idea, ridin' yer horse up steps, but he cawnt come in, yer know, because he ain't a member."

This seemed to strike Ham as a reasonable bit of logic, he gave over the attempt.

'Am and 'Arry have had many curious scrapes together. One of the most laughable of these was a little affair that happened recently in a restaurant and bar not far from Forty-second street and Broadway.

In a long, low-ceilinged room downstairs there are tables considerably separated by large screens. 'Am and 'Arry sat at one of these tables on a certain evening, about a month ago. Suddenly beyond the screen at 'Am's back there was a shrill twang of a banjo, and a girl's voice began to sing in a voice: "I don't care if you never come back."

At the conclusion of the song there was a low, girlish laugh and a sound like that of a mule pulling its hoof out of the mud. 'Am and 'Arry described it afterward.

This was too much for Ham. He was up on his chair in an instant and peering over the screen.

Harry skipped up on the table and leaned on 'Am's shoulder. His legs were unsteady and his ideas of equilibrium were. He lurched against Ham.

Away went the table beneath Harry's feet. He fell on 'Am's neck, and both of them, together with the screen, careened justly into the next compartment.

'Am and 'Arry and the screen fell on the girl. The girl on the table; the table fell on the floor. It was crushed in the weight of animate and inanimate debris. Nothing but banjo escaped injury. But even that whanged.

Salt, pepper, soup, raw oysters, wine, woman and interrupt song were inextricably scrambled.

'Arry, true to his blood, began to fight before he had gathered himself together. Then there were more broken dishes, glass eyes and confusion.

The combatants made a dreadful noise until the police came and took 'Am and 'Arry to the station house.

And up in the Dakota flats the Tenderloin telephone again went ting a ling.

Early in October 'Am and 'Arry and two other congenial spirits went to Weber & Field's Music Hall.

The quartet hired a box and began to drink wine. Once for 'Am while in the throes of violent appetite had thrust, stuffed footrest down on the stage.

Nothing noteworthy occurred until the end of the play. The party was mildly hilarious. When the play was concluded and 'Arry and 'Am's companions went down into the basement barroom, where they promptly spent \$7.00 for drinks.

In due course of time the party started to leave the place. They were intercepted by the waiters. An argument ensued. From words 'Arry suddenly resorted to blows.

There was a grand mixture of fists and physical contact. The police came and untangled the combatants. The box was locked up.

At the station house 'Am gave the name of George Heaton and 'Arry the name of Schofield. The next morning received some money with which he paid fines to the amount of \$5 each for his companions.

And the end is not yet, for 'Am and 'Arry still flourish as now wild oats—the wildest crop that New York has seen since the days of George Law, Freddy Gebhardt and Fred Xuengli.



The Scene Behind the Screen When Ham and Harry Looked On.